Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as (Staines,

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cry sombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of (*Babylon.*

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kiss: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
Of *Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France:*
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin,* you deceiue your selfe,